

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *lacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten herring: there lyes not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now *Wollacke*, what murther you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, I le neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prin ce of *Wales*.

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer mee to that, and *Poin* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? I le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would giue a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me, giue me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that.

He drinckes.

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning,

Prince. Where is it, *lacke*, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the

Hose,

Hose, my buckler cut thorow a like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I n man, all would not do. A plague of if they speake more or lesse then the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Ross. We foure set vpon a dozē

Fals. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not b

Fals. You rogue, they were bo am a *Iewe* else, an Hebrew *Iew*.

Ross. As we were sharing, some

Fals. And vnbound the rest, an

Prin. What, fought ye with the

Fals. All? I know not what y with fifty of them, I am a bunch

two or three and fifty vpon poore leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not m

Fal. Nay that's past praying them: Two I am sure I haue pay

futes: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I te mee Horse: thou knowest my old

bore my point: fore rogues in Buck

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst b

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure

Poin. I; hee said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afron I made no more adoe, but tooke

Target, thus;

Prin. Seuen? why there were b

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom sut

Fal. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we

Fals. Doeft thou heare mee, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *la*